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use for it. His travel may be extended alone in perfect safety, South and East, and in small parties, well armed, in any other direction. He should be provided with a good fowling-piece, which, taken all in all, is the best weapon for that country, and the sooner he learns to sleep on the ground with a blanket and his saddle, the better. He will save many a half-dollar otherwise spent for a worse bed, and the invalid who has strength to ride, may do so with perfect impunity, nay, even with benefit. And if he knows how to use his gun he will need but few stores that he cannot carry in his saddle-bags. He will find settlements, if he chooses, sufficiently frequent to meet emergencies, and if, through any mischance, he should find himself "hard up," he will find friends according to his merits, as generous and hospitable as in any part of the world, and more than one can realize who has been dragging out his existence among the cold, calculating conventionalisms of our old towns and settlements. He will learn that happiness does not consist in the amount of luxuries which may be heaped about him, nor in the approbation of the purse-proud and soulless creatures, who know not God except in their prayers, and who see nothing in the face of all His magnificent creations to admire but themselves and the work of their own hands. He will return from his wanderings a healthier, wiser, and a better man.

J. D. B. S.

SOME REMARKS

UPON THE

LIFE OF B. R. HAYDON,

Historical Painter.

By Frederic G. Stephens.

SECOND ARTICLE.

We left Haydon struggling with the difficulty of realizing his ideal of the heroic character in the figure of Dentatus. He had determined that it should be what he considered heroic; that is, a man in the vigor of life, and of the most perfect natural form. But may we not ask why he willfully ignored the fact that contributes so largely to the grandeur of his subject, which is, that Dentatus at this period was an old man, indeed, a very old man, who gave the precious last remains of life to his country! Why did he throw this point aside, which makes the act so touching and forceable? Will our readers agree with us that it was because his mind was saturated through and through with the study of the antique; which rarely represents old age, and never, we believe, otherwise than in repose—as if age should do naught but sit beside the gods? Yet he had some vague inkling of what should have been the truth, for he goes on from our last quotation: "How was I to build an heroic form, like life, yet above life?" [Good heavens, why did he want to be above life? Was not Dentatus a man? was the action, after all, so superhuman that none but a Godlike form could execute it?] "How I puzzled, painted, rubbed out, and began again! Wilkie knew nothing of the heroic. In the antique I found something of what I wanted, but I desired more of nature than I could find in any of the antique figures. In my model I saw the back vary

according to the action of the arms. In the antique these variations were not so apparent. Was nature or the antique wrong? Why did not the difference of shape from difference of action appear as palpably in the antique as in nature? This puzzled me to death. If I copied what I saw in life, Fuseli said, 'This looks too much like life!' If I copied the marble, Wilkie said, 'That looks as if you had painted from stone.' Here is the great art difficulty stated fairly enough, and here we see Haydon in what is called "a fix." But his deliverer was coming, as usual, in the odd and quiet shape of Wilkie, who called "when my hero was done, though anything but well done." Indeed it is difficult to conceive what it must have been with Haydon's imperfect execution and between his advisers. Here we shall see how he compromised between them, not having courage to follow Wilkie, and his bold and inquiring nature utterly rejecting Fuseli. Let us not forget, however, that he did think about the matter, that he gave his best heart to it, and was not willfully and stupidly blind as his predecessors had been. He attacked the fortress and left his body in the ditch; let us, therefore, be grateful that he lies bridging the interval between us and the great outwork of the Renaissance.

Wilkie, that morning, had in his pocket a document the most important to Haydon that ever met his eyes, and one not without consequence to us:—to wit; an order to see the Elgin marbles. These priceless remains of the most perfect Greek art were then in the possession of Lord Elgin, who had brought them to England at his own expense, and rejecting an offer of [we believe] £100,000 from Napoleon I., was ultimately compelled to accept £35,000 from the British Government; having had them upon his hands for years in the place where Haydon and Wilkie now found them. Haydon asserts Lord Elgin to have been the loser of £16,000 in money actually spent in procuring and transporting them. The place of this temporary halt between the Parthenon and the British Museum, was a damp and dirty pent-house, where lay the marbles within sight and reach. They came upon Haydon like a revelation; they were exactly the things which he wanted; and he (we must admit the truth of his own assertion), was exactly the person who would stop at no difficulty to assert the justice of his opinion, that they might receive that admiration which the world now awards them.

Young, daring, self-confident, with great theoretical knowledge, and an earnest passion for the truth, he pitted himself against the dilettanti, and won his battle. He dared to say what he saw in these works, asserted the value of his own judgment, scornfully laughing at the ignorant impractical talk of the connoisseurs; convinced the world—and made himself a host of enemies among those who should have been his patrons. This latter result appears, we must confess, to have arrived mainly through the brusque and audacious manner in which he chose to express his convictions in a matter in which many other men, whose opinions were the law, had committed themselves to one contrary to his own. In his exaggerative enthusiasm he asserted that these sculptures would

"as completely overthrow the old antiquities as ever one system of philosophy overthrew another less enlightened—were the Elgin marbles lost, there would be as great a gap in art as there would be in philosophy if Newton had never existed." This opinion he carried to the utmost by delivering lectures, publishing pamphlets and letters to the newspapers, and last, not least, in instructions to his pupils.

Having narrated what he did in relation to these marbles, and its result to himself; let us examine what he saw. "The first thing I fixed my eyes upon was the wrist of a figure in one of the female groups, in which was visible, though in a female form, the radius and ulna. I was astonished, for I had never seen them hinted at in any female wrist in the antique. I darted my eye to the elbow, and saw the outer condyle visibly affecting the shape as in nature. I saw the arm was in repose and the soft parts in relaxation. That combination of nature and idea which I had felt was so much wanting for high art, was here displayed to mid-day conviction." Let us here observe the contradiction of terms, art and nature. This was merely nature rightly represented, the only sincere and wise execution, scarcely art at all, but exactly that accomplishment which is the proper vehicle for art—which is, properly speaking, noble and natural design for the exemplification of beneficent nature. This was the language of art and not essential art itself. He continues: "When I turned to the Theseus, and saw that every form was altered by action and repose—when I saw that the two sides of his back varied, one side stretched from the shoulder-blade being pulled forward, and the other compressed from the shoulder-blade being pushed close to the spine, as he rested on his elbow, with the belly flat, because the bowels fell into the pelvis as he sat—and when turning to the Ilyssus, I saw the belly protruded from the figure lying on his side, * * * when I saw, in fact, the most heroic style of art, combined with all the essential detail of actual life, the thing was done at once and for ever."

He proceeds to felicitate himself on being prepared to understand all this; as he well might. "I felt the future, I foretold that they would prove themselves the finest things on earth, that they would overturn the false beau-ideal, where nature was nothing, and would establish the true beau-ideal of which nature alone is the basis," or we may say where nature is all. There was really something extraordinary about it; here were these sculptures, after resting in their pediments for more than two thousand years: the poor remains of a much greater number of works, which had escaped the injury of time and the weather, utter destruction from Venetian shot and shell, and the Turkish lime-kiln—they had even been at the bottom of the sea: here they were brought to the utmost Castorides, to a land of which Phidias had perhaps never heard. Here, in an unknown tongue, he received honor for doing his work in sincerity and singleness of heart; here it is observed that he loved his work for itself; for we see that he carved those parts which were hidden by being placed against the tympanum of the pediment, with the same love and completeness as those which met the eye, differently from Michael Angelo,

who merely blocked out the head of one of his figures in the tomb of Lorenzo, because it was not seen from below. Here these Phidian sculptures met the right man at the right time, in the enthusiastic Haydon. Two thousand years, Time, Battle, and Shipwreck, and the right known as the right after all!

Haydon proceeds, "Utterly disgusted with my wretched attempt at the heroic in the form and action of my Dentatus, I dashed out the abominable mass, and breathed as if relieved of a nuisance." He then made a sketch from memory of the Theseus, to see if he rightly comprehended its *pose* and action. "This is an excellent plan for the student, indeed fitting at all times for the artist. He obtained an order, and for three months incessantly studied from his newly-found wonders. We shall now see to what result of principle he brought all this enthusiasm and labor. (For we find that he drew and re-drew at Lord Elgin's from ten to fifteen hours at a time for many weeks—no small matter for a man who had such a picture as Dentatus on his mind.) At this step of his practice, he pronounces the following to be the chief principles: "I saw the essential was selected in them, and the superfluous rejected—that first, all the causes of action were known, and then all the causes wanted for any particular action were selected; that then the skin covered the whole, and the effect of the action, relaxation, purpose, or gravitation was shown on the skin. This appeared, as far as I could see *then*, to be the principle." The last reservation implies that he afterwards saw something more and perhaps deeper than these sufficiently obvious laws, which did not need three months' study to arrive at; the less so, as it would have required three months more to have discovered that, so far from this being all, it was not even *the* thing; because it is clear enough that these statues were as highly finished in the ideal Phidias has selected, as they possibly could be; there being nothing rejected from nature which was consistent with the separate individualities of the gods, demi-gods, heroes, and men represented. Haydon chooses to fancy the Theseus as nature, which it is not purely, but rather the ideal of a demi-god; as one may clearly see by comparing the rule of form of the figures in the Metopes and the Frieze with it, which are much more life-like and vulgar.

Here we may remark the judgment of the Greek artist, who made the distinction—contra-distinguished from Haydon's blunder, and that of hundreds before and after him—that he must needs make a demi-god of his "hero" Dentatus. He says, "For Dentatus I selected all the muscles necessary for human action; no more and no less [what is the meaning of this? we thought this selection was made in Adam's time!] and then all the members wanted for his action [this is, we presume, the right number of arms and legs, if not this, what then?] and no more and no less."

The above is a curious instance of how men will bewilder themselves with theories; what can be possibly mean by, "all the muscles necessary for human action"? Are there really more muscles in the human body than are required? can any anatomist tell us? "No more and no less," says he; could he really have thought to leave any out? Oh, reader! strain the smallest of

them, and you will see then how useful it is in every "human action." Leave any out, indeed! Let him rather pray and labor for power to put them all in. It is surprising that Haydon, with his earnestness, did not perceive that this was the process, by sternly following which, Phidias succeeded in that marvel of execution [which Haydon was the first to perceive]—the manifestation of skin upon the marble surface. Yes! a tensile skin! that not only shows itself in wrinkles and creases, but in rolls, and hollow folds, and tense-stretched surfaces, which press on the muscles underneath; all this shown in such a subtle, understanding way, as makes utterly ridiculous the assertion that dissection was not practised by the Greeks: for if they did not so, the Theseus is then a greater mathematical triumph of calculation from given premises, of intuition rather, than all the wonders of physical science since the days of Newton—Owen's inquiry for the Archetype, being nothing to it. Either this is the case, or they dissected; and what was to prevent them? although doubtless there was much to hinder them from telling the people they did so. To say that they arrived at their anatomical knowledge by the dissection of brutes [the other theory] is utterly out of the question, their knowledge being too extended and accurate to be derived from any such source. We speak of their knowledge of bones and muscles only.

We have said that these works are as highly finished in the ideal Phidias had selected as they possibly could be, and this will be seen on examining the statues from the pediments, which are carried to the utmost extent of execution; and comparing them with the alto and bas-reliefs in the Frieze and Metopes, we see that they differ only in the adoption of a larger and squarer style, and a greater elevation and repose of design in the former, and by a vivacity and activity of grace in the latter; that both are finished in the highest degree, even to the representation of veins, and the epidermis on the nails; while draperies are shown in the most minute and delicate folds, and with great variety of texture; this last is very remarkable, as at least three kinds of fabric are carved with the utmost care—entirely different from the heavy woollen substances with which we are so familiar in what are called "painting" by the old masters. Examining them, we shall see the figures in the Frieze, which could have been scarcely visible from below, showing the fullest variety of line in active and relaxed muscle, in the bone cropping out between, and their tendons tense or slackened, as nature shows in every change of action.

We wish to insist on the glory and near perfection of the Phidian marbles, as best fitted for the purposes of study for art, far surpassing any other antique sculptures; hoping that America possesses in many collections, casts of most, if not all; our conviction being that the best groundwork for art study will be found in them, before the student is enough advanced to make use of the life.

Haydon's practice of painting is fully detailed in treating of Dentatus; we will, therefore, as it is unnecessary to refer much to this subject as we advance towards the execution of his other pictures, enter rather fully into the subject. His firmness is really

marvellous, never allowing any portion of his picture, however much labor it might have cost him, to remain, unless he was perfectly satisfied he could not do it better; we find, after the just mentioned erasure, the following: "Determined to obliterate my principal figure—as by doing the parts separately they do not hang well together—what time one loses from inexperience!" The next day he had a model; "and I sketched in the whole of my figure much better." The next, "improved my figure; too large, I fear." Then follows: "Put in the head of my hero; not at all satisfied, not half so well as the sketch." He then went to Lord Elgin's, made drawings, "and determined to obliterate everything which would not bear comparison. I found enough, and dashed out my head, without a moment's hesitation." On another occasion, we find: "The chest of my dying figure looked so miserable that I rubbed it out." Endless labor this seems, yet it brought Haydon success and is no doubt the only way to conquer.

In one place he says: "I put a figure in the corner of a lower character; that is, more complicated in its forms, and this showed the difference between the hero and the common man. [See our previous remarks.] The wisecracks of the time quizzed me, of course, for putting a naked soldier in a Roman army, a thing never done by any artist. Raphael did so in Constantine's Battle, but they had nothing to do with Raphael's Battle." The Battle of Constantine is pretty well known from engravings, and we do not hesitate to assert that the use of the nude under these circumstances is one of the many egregious faults in that celebrated piece of insincerity; besides, there is after all the shadow of probability in Raphael's favor, for a mercenary soldier of the time of Constantine, might be naked, perhaps, while it is quite out of the question that a veteran of the time of Dentatus would go into battle without his armor; contrary to the express military law of the Romans, which made it death to do so; again, Raphael might not know better, and it was the fashion of his time to do such things in painting; but Haydon did know, and what the feeling of his time was is shown by the quizzing. These willful inaccuracies are impertinent and unendurable, for if Haydon wished to show his skill in painting of nudities, why did he not choose another subject, instead of outraging common-sense in this way? Such things are the merest vanity.

The following is amusing: "When you find people inclined to treat you with respect, never check it from modesty, but rather increase it by a quiet, unassuming air of conscious worth." Haydon wrote this at two-and-twenty years of age. It is, however, wonderful, that he was not even a greater oxcumb; for we find in the year before [January, 1807], that he was received into the highest society, as an artistic phenomenon, his opinions listened to, and he petted; when he actually knew not the difference between raw and boiled oil. It was about this time the ladies liked him, "because he had an antique head." Here, per contra, is an extract from another diary of an artist, strangely in contrast. It occurs in a MS. and sketch-book, used by W. Blake, now in the possession of Mr. Dante Rossetti, was made in the

same month and year, and probably in the same day and hour when the ladies were admiring Haydon's head; thus: "Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1807. Between two and seven, in the evening.—Despair!" What a groan in this single word! On the same page occurs another entry, made long before: "I say I shan't live five years, and if I live one it will be a wonder. June, 1798." He was mistaken in this, however, not dying for thirty years [till 1823]. He seems willingly to have turned his face from the world, in the passionate anger and bitterness of his disappointment; for a few worthy appreciators who sought him in his desolation, are said to have met with a repulse. There is much worthy to be known about the life of this wonderful instance of penetrative imagination. He who was the greatest artist in that sense of the English race; we believe and hope that a most noble and sympathizing hand is to write and bring it before the world.

We must now advance rapidly with Haydon to the finishing of his *Dentatus*. He acknowledges the great benefits he had received from "the greatest genius in his path"—Wilkie; and also from Jackson; indeed, between these and Haydon there seems to have existed one of these complete friendships, not uncommon amongst fellow-laborers in youth; greatly varied, of course, by the individuality of each. Haydon became the fashion, his rooms filled with people of rank, and his head became not a little "*montée*," as he says. All this prepared him but ill for the terrible disappointment he felt, when after three months more of incessant labor, he completed his picture, and sent it to the Royal Academy, where, to his dismay, it was—according to his assertion—very badly hung; utterly ruined by its position: and this was the picture which was to show a great new light upon art; it had been the talk of the coteries for months, and its author was naturally inflated with his soon-earned reputation. The bitterness of his disappointment injured his health, and the vehemence of his protestations made enemies of many men, who had it in their power to serve or injure him: he went to every length of denunciation, and to the end of his life asserted himself to have been unjustly treated, roundly repeating that envy and malice deprived him of his best chance.

Here was his first great error; he had none of that patience which usually accompanies a deep conviction, but blurted out his anger without the slightest respect to persons. Allowing that he was shamefully treated; and that the picture was so perfect a work as he asserted; was he to expect to take the world by storm, convincing every one the moment he chose to lay down his principles? He could not be utterly ruined at three-and-twenty, while he had many friends and a great reputation, won by the labors of three years only. His indiscretion was doubly unfortunate, not only for himself, but for the Academy; for there can, we think, be no doubt, that if he had received the fitting encouragement at the right time, kept out of "opposition," to use a parliamentary phrase; and gone on, as in his cooler moments he hoped to do: we think there can be no doubt, we say, but he would have been an honor in every sense to any body of artists, and might have done much more than he did for the advancement of the art.

It is but justice to the Academicians to say, that as a body, they always did, and still do, deny the justice of Haydon's complaints. In a note to a recent work by O. R. Leslie, R. A. [a worthy son of America] this is done in a manner which appears semi-official, and is certainly most unqualified.

Whether his picture was unjustly hung or not, he suffered; "the loser pays," as Carlyle says. His health succumbed, and he spent a few months in the country, before commencing his second picture. This was a commission from his constant friend and early patron, Sir George Beaumont; the subject, Macbeth approaching to murder King Duncan. His fashionable friends deserted him to a man; even Lord Mulgrave, although at first, according to Haydon, indignant at the young artist's ill-treatment, was sensibly biased by his ill success. All this could not have been conducive to a fit frame of mind to commence a new picture, and perhaps his disappointment made him more than usually antagonistic; for, to add to his troubles, we find him, as stated at the commencement, disputing with Sir G. Beaumont about the size of the canvas. Haydon, of course, insisted upon a large one, Sir George said his house would not hold it; although the former asserts that his first order was for a large one; upon which there was a squabble not very dignified on either side: at last Haydon got his own way, his patron succumbing with a murmur. Not satisfied with this he reopened the question, with an argument to prove himself more than right; upon which, writing some years after, he makes the following comment: "It would now have been my best course, as he had agreed to my proposition, to have gone to work without another word; but I always had a tendency to fight it out, a tendency most prejudicial to an artist, because it calls his mind from the main point of his being—perfection in his art. Why did I not yield? Because my mind wanted the discipline of early training. I trace all the misfortunes of my life to this early and irremediable want." This was the way with him; he would hardly allow himself to be right, if you admitted the correctness of any proposition he chose to set forth: towards the end of his life, as this habit became confirmed, it is evident, from his own account, that he was the shuttlecock of various ministers, and a terrible bore to all, whenever he took it into his head to start afresh with the scheme of State-encouragement for art.

Relative to Macbeth, he says: "My ignorance was great. All the budding knowledge acquired in painting *Dentatus* was here brought into play, and as much more wanted. I advanced, and fell back, and advanced again; Macbeth's head I painted, and at this period I confirmed by perpetual deductions, the principles of a standard figure. * * * * My want of money was now great. My expenses were dreadful. I moulded torsos for the chest of Macbeth. I moulded knees for the sleeping grooms. I made studies without end; hands over and over again, from nature—from the antique." Here is the real great besetting sin of his life just shadowed forth: his utter recklessness in money matters—to call it nothing worse; and the following shows that pressure was beginning to be

felt. "My father's help had now continued six years, and I was anxious to relieve him, but could not, though I might have done so by painting paltry things [we fear this means nothing worse than small canvases] but I was iron-minded, and bent not." After some further correspondence, provoked by Haydon, the commission for Macbeth appears to have remained in *statu quo*, and Haydon, irritated by the impassivity of his patron, was guilty of the gross impropriety of showing a series of private letters; for which he received a much less severe rebuke than he deserved; then came another arrangement, and another correspondence on the old subject.

At this time he obtained the prize of one hundred guineas at the British Gallery, for the best Historical picture. Sending *Dentatus*, he became the victor, and does not forget to crow over the Academy, on what he considers a reversal of their judgment respecting his picture; certainly he deserved some consolation for the labor and disappointment he had had, as well as in consideration of the great principles he had adduced in this work.

While I was furiously at work at Macbeth, Charles Bell, [afterwards Sir Charles, the great neurological discoverer] "sent up to me to say that he had a lioness for dissection. I darted at it at once, and this relieved my mind. I dissected her, and made myself complete master of the magnificent quadruped. It was while meditating on her beautiful construction, and its relations in bony structure to that of man, that those principles since established by me arose in my mind.

"I was struck with the relative difference and similarity in the forms of the lion and the men. I put, as a mere experiment, the lion resting on the heel and ball of the toe, like the human being, and in one instant of inspired perception saw the whole system. I found the lioness's feet flat—her chest narrow—her brain small—her forearm long—her body long. I found she was totally incapable of standing erect on her feet when resting on the same bones as the human being. I compared the two in muscle and construction; the points where they differed, I put down as marks of brutality on the lion's part, as indications of humanity on that of the man, and concluded that in building a superior form, the human peculiarities are to be dwelt upon, while for an inferior form, those belonging to the brute are to be approached."

This is what he meant in the reservation previously remarked, and his fancying himself the first discoverer of those principles (although he thinks the Greeks wrought upon them), is greatly characteristic of the man. As to the principles themselves, they are as old as the hills.

"This year the artists met with a black, a native of Boston, a perfect antique figure alive. I engaged him for a month, and proceeded to draw and cast him, without a moment's loss of time, in all the attitudes required for my picture. I found in this negro all the positive marks characteristic of humanity—beautiful as his form was, his calf was high and feeble, his feet flat, and heel projecting, his fore-arm as long as his arm-bone, his deltoid short, his jaw projecting, and his forehead receding. What was excellent, was the great flexibility and vigor of his movements in spite of

his inherent defects. The moment he moved, his intentions were evident. The great principle that the form of a part depends upon its action was here confirmed. [Could this have been new to him?] His joints were exquisitely clean. His body bent at the loins like whale-bone. He sat on his heel and put his foot behind his neck. I cast him, drew him, and painted him, till I had mastered every part. I had all his joints modelled in every step, from their greatest possible flexion to their greatest possible extension. * * * After two whole figures were moulded, he said he thought he could bear another done if I wished it; of course I wished it, so we set to again. In moulding from the life, great care is required, because the various little movements of the skin produce perpetual cracks, and if the man's back is moulded first, by the time you come to his chest he labors to breathe greatly, so you must then have the plaster rubbed up and down with great rapidity till it sets. We had been repeatedly baffled in our attempts at this step, and I then just thought of a plan to prevent the difficulty, to build a wall round him, so that the plaster might be poured in, and sat all round him equally, and at once. This was agreed upon. The man was put into a position, extremely happy at the prospect of success, as he was very proud of his figure. Seven bushels of plaster were mixed at once, and poured in till it floated him up to the neck. The moment it set, it passed so equally that his ribs had no room to expand for his lungs to play, and he cried out: 'I—I die!' Terrified by his appearance, for he had actually dropped his head, I seized with the workmen the front part of the mould, and by one supernatural effort split it in three large pieces and pulled the man out, who, almost gone, lay on the ground, senseless and streaming with perspiration. By degrees we recovered him, and then looking at the hinder part of the mould, which had not been injured, I saw the finest sight on earth. It had taken the impression with all the purity of a shell, and when joined to the three front pieces, there appeared the most beautiful cast ever taken from nature, one which I will defy any one in the world to equal, unless he will risk, as I unthinkingly did, the killing of the man he is moulding. The surgeons said he would have died in a second of two longer. I rewarded the man well for his sufferings, and before three days he came, after having been up all night drinking, and begged to know, with his eyes fixed, if I should want to kill him any more, for he was quite ready, for he had found it 'a d—d good concern.' However, I had done with him, and would not venture to run any more such risks."

In the midst of his proceeding with energy with Macbeth, his father withdrew that support which he had afforded for six years; this was a terrible blow. "I spent a day in the open country, turning over every difficulty in my mind, and concluded that if it were a fine picture, surely it could not be refused, and if Dentatus won the prize of one hundred guineas, I did not see why I had not a very good chance with Macbeth for the three hundred guineas prize now offered by the directors of the same institution. Thus reasoning, I borrowed, and praying God to bless my exer-

tions, went on more vigorously than ever. *And here began debt and obligation, from which I never have been, and never shall be free, as long as I live.* Yet what was I to do? Was I to relinquish all the advantages of so many years of study and thought, merely because there came one of those trials of which life is so full? It is natural a father's patience should wear out at last, it was right my sisters should not be forgotten. But it was not right to deprive me of necessities, while my father and his partner were indulging in the luxuries of life. I was a virtuous and diligent youth, &c., &c."

This was his first serious trouble, and he seems bravely to have borne up against it, sought and received assistance from various generous friends, whose situation was little better than his own. "I called on my landlord and asked him to wait till Macbeth was done. He said: 'You paid me while your father supported you, and I see no reason you should not when you can support yourself.' This was the first of Haydon's indulgent landlords, of whom he had a series quite unparalleled in the history of literature and art. But now came real and serious trouble: the stern fact had to be looked in the face. Henceforth all is struggle, bitterness, and toil; borrowing, raising the prices of pictures (a suicidal practice, as at last he found), and at last, even begging. The happy, glorious period when the youth was fitting on his armor for the fight; the brightest in all our lives, was past; grim and deathly the close combat became, necessity made the blows given and received deadly sore. No man had better or more affectionate backers. No man ever received more effectual, or more frequent assistance. For forty years from this he kept it up, face to face with necessity, one long wrestle, and was thrown at last."

This was just at the close of 1810, when he remarks how his own intellect had ripened in the recent years. "I attribute it to my not having been over educated, but left to wander half wild over the valleys of Devon, with such a master as Bidlake, a poetical, tea-drinking, organ-playing, oil-painting, cottage-sketching idler, who had more delight in taking boys to Bickleigh Vale, and teaching them to see the beauties of a sunset, than in making them perfect in 'as in presenti,' or 'propria quæ maribus,' neither of which, thank God, I ever learned, though I made my boys learn them both."

Whenever Haydon was about a picture, he read up all the books which had any bearing on the subject, and also such as were written in a similar vein of thought, and might rouse his own imagination. At this place he says: "At this time, I devoted a great deal of attention to Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Æschylus, to tune my mind to make a fine picture of Macbeth. I recollect telling Wilkie I was doing so, and he replied: 'Dear dear, I have no patience with Pope's Homer.' 'Why?' said I. 'Why?' said he, 'there's such an evident leaning in favor of the Greeks.'—with a broad Scotch twang."

The following is worth extracting. "My friends tell, as a wonderful instance of my perseverance, that after having finished Macbeth, I took him out again, to raise him higher in my picture, as it would con-

tribute to the effect. The wonder in ancient Athens would have been if I had allowed him to remain. Such is the state of art in this country!"

Here occurs what he calls his first literary controversy; and upon what subject, does the reader think? Upon the intellectuality or non-intellectuality of Negroes. Haydon had cast, and nearly killed a negro, and dissected a lioness; it may be interesting to say that he considered the negro a link between animals and man. His antagonist was Leigh Hunt, he to whom English literature, and English liberty of speech owe so much; the first stayer of the Giant "Flunkey," author of all sorts of delightful books, translator of "Bacchus in Tuscany," he whose translations of fragments of Homer are the finest in the language. Who does not owe a pleasant hour or a kind thought to Leigh Hunt? Long may he still live!

SHORT ESSAYS UPON THE BEAUTIFUL IN ART.

FROM THE FRENCH OF R. TOFFERN.

"That painting is an Art—and not a process."

I PROPOSE to speak in this Essay of the materials and implements required in our Art. The most indispensable of these is the *bump*, or organ; but the bump cannot dispense with pencils, paper, and India ink: it is the soul, which can neither walk nor grasp without the assistance of feet and hands.

If there is a prejudice deeply rooted in the heads of people in general, and of heads of families in particular, it is, "that painting is a process." They suppose that with good sight and good implements, success is certain—*that with patience, skill, and time, it is possible to attain to a degree of finish and smoothness, which to them is perfection, and that finally, by a strict copy of the model, perfect imitation, which is the end of Art, may be attained.*

For those who entertain such ideas, it is evident that a treatise upon painting ought to be a good description of the implements to be employed, accompanied by directions for their use, enriched, perhaps, with a receipt for an eye-salve for the use of those whose eyes are too weak to finish and polish, and smooth properly, the strict imitation of a pretty little landscape; but for those who entertain a different opinion, of whom I am one, it is evident that the subject should be treated in quite a different manner.

When I say that painting is an Art, and not a process, I understand it to be a thing of thought, intelligence, imagination, and sentiment, more than of execution and skill. Method, it is true, comes to the aid of Art—it seconds it; but is totally distinct from it, whenever it is not at enmity with it. In the most miserable sketch, Art reveals itself in those qualities which come from the head or the heart—not from the hand or the pencil. For example, if in this glade, whose image you have reproduced, I *feel* all the solitude, the mystery, the soft stillness of the lonely forest; if in these rocks, these trees, I discover a feeling of the beauty which is peculiar to them, the pure sentiment of the grace and loveliness of nature, so that your work reveals to me, and makes me taste something of the charm of the original, shall I